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SELECT TALES.

From Friendship's Offering.

THE COUNTESS.

BY THE HON. ERSKINE NORTON.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

As You Like it.

THOMAS MIDDLETON was of lowly, but honest parentage; by his integrity and application he had arrived at, what he would have once considered, the summit of his ambition; he became chief and confidential clerk in a mercantile house of great wealth and respectability. A bachelor uncle in trade made him his heir; he then became a partner in the firm, and finally its sole representative, with a very large and rapidly increasing fortune. He had married one of the numerous daughters of a clergyman, whose sole dowry was a very slender *trousseau*; but she was well educated and well connected. Her health was delicate, and she died when their only child, a daughter, was but ten years of age.

In private life, Mr. Middleton was a frank, kind-hearted man, enjoying the fruits of his industry, in his own quiet unostentatious way. With the exception of the untimely death of his wife, he thought himself, and therefore he was the happiest man in the world; he neither envied rank, nor desired fame; he had health, character, occupation, money pouring in from all quarters, many valuable friends, and a very lovely and affectionate daughter.

Harriet Middleton, at the time our story opens, was sixteen; a light, delicately shaped girl, with a profusion of bright chestnut ringlets, her eyebrows and eye-lashes of a somewhat darker shade, the latter by their length softening the expression of a pair of very brilliant laughing dark blue eyes; add to these, teeth of a remarkable beauty, and a fine clear complexion, and I think that we have fairly made out that Harriet, independently of a hundred thousand charms of another kind, was a very attractive person.

She had been placed after her mother's death, at a school near the metropolis; had acquired a little French, a little drawing, a little music, a very little needle-work, and a good deal of pretty dancing, together with as competent a knowledge of geography and astronomy, as most other young ladies from boarding schools could boast of, some five-and-twenty years ago. The best part of her education was that which she had imbibed from her mother, whose precepts she treasured up with veneration, and whose memory was as dear to her as the breath she drew.

Her father had but few female acquaintances; here and there a family in the city, with whom

he and his daughter dined and went to the play occasionally. Then there were the Thompsons at Brompton, with a large family of girls, with whom she spent, now and then, a right merry day; and then old Mrs. Johnston of Hampstead, with her comfortable house and neat equipage, who was always delighted to see her; together with the rich and hospitable Browns of Clapham and the two Misses Smith of Kensington, staid elderly ladies, who had come into possession of the large fortune of their brother, the stationer, and who took great notice of Harriet, because, as they said, she was a wild giddy girl without a mother, and would moreover have the additional misfortune of being very pretty and very rich.

On the final return of his daughter from school, Mr. Middleton decided upon taking a country house; but nothing could induce him to fix on any residence beyond a morning's ride from the metropolis. He had heard of two spacious and beautiful neighboring villas to be disposed of at Twickenham, and thither he and his daughter immediately repaired.—They made their choice, and Harriet soon found herself mistress of a splendidly furnished mansion, with green-houses, and parterres, and shrubberies, and verdant lawns sloping down to the silver Thames, &c. &c. However, Twickenham is certainly a very pretty spot; moreover at the young lady's disposal was placed a plain but handsome equipage, with new liveries, an enlarged and carefully selected establishment, a well chosen library; in short, all that her indulgent father thought could contribute to her comfort and happiness.

Masters in the higher branches of education attended regularly from town; but Mr. Middleton would hear of no governess, no companion, no continued female resident in his house above the rank of house-keeper.

The neighboring villa did not remain long undisposed of; it was taken on lease by the Earl of Belmont, and a few week after the Middletons were settled in their new and delightful abode, his lordship and his family took possession of theirs.

"Harriet, my love," said her father on his return from the city one evening, "whom do you think I shall bring out to dinner to-morrow?"

"Whom, papa?"

"Your old friend and playmate and my quondam ward, Frank Heartly."

"Indeed! I am so glad!" cried Harriet, clapping her hands—"It is two whole years since we saw him—is he much improved by his foreign travel?"

"In his outward man he may be," replied her father; "his inward man, foreign travel might injure, but never could improve; he is now three-and-twenty, with a splendid fortune, and

for his age and his class of society, has seen a good deal of the world, and appears to have been touched with but little of its alloy; he is the same sensible, kind hearted, grateful Frank as ever. He inquired very particularly about you, and supposes he must no longer call you his little Harry, and rather *dreads*, I think, to find you sprung up into a finished boarding-school-miss;—(Harriet smiled)—but I told him that, in many respects, you were as little altered as he was. I hope he will be as great a favorite with you as ever, Harriet."

"I hope," she replied, with perfect simplicity, "I shall be a greater favorite than ever of his; and that he will find me so improved as not to need any more fault-finding, or scolding, or teaching: you know he was always very strict with me, and that I was much more afraid of him than ever I was of you, dear papa," passing her arm around her father's neck, and pressing her cheek to his.

"Then," said Mr. Middleton, hesitatingly, "you like him very well as a—as a brother?"—

"As an *elder* brother," replied Harriet, archly.

"Yes," a slight cloud passed over the brow of the father, but it was unobserved by his daughter.

The next day, having completed her toilet for dinner, she paused, with an emotion of girlish vanity, before her long dressing-glass; "I think Mr. Frank will find me very—*much grown* at least"—she whispered to herself, suppressing the real sentiment that was rising to her lips.

She was soon on the lawn, intending there to wait the expected arrival; but growing somewhat impatient, she proceeded along a gentle acclivity, commanding a view of the road. She was moving parallel with a hedge bordering a green secluded lane, which divided her father's ground from those of the earl, their newly arrived neighbor; her attention was attracted by the advance of a horseman, who suddenly reduced his rapid pace to a walk on observing her: their eyes met: he was a handsome, fashionable looking young man, and his gaze was fixed on her intently and admiringly; he slightly bowed, which act of courtesy she as slightly returned, and, moving on, gained the summit of the acclivity, whence she observed her father's carriage approaching. She returned immediately to her station on the lawn.

"Miss Middleton!—Harriet!" exclaimed Frank Heartly, as he advanced towards her.

"Frank! dear Frank!—how glad am I to see you!" cried Harriet, as she bounded along to meet him: her hands were soon in both his, and she presented her cheek for the kiss, which, at meeting or at parting he had always been accustomed to impress upon it; her cheek was kissed accordingly, but not with the usual

heartily, affectionate, brotherly smack. He drew her arm through his, and she placing her other on her father's, proceeded between them into the house, feeling so happy and light-hearted, that the remembrance of that moment never left her.

Frank paid her no compliments, but his looks and manner sufficiently evinced the pleasurable surprise he experienced, which, with the tact of her sex and age, she fully perceived and enjoyed; but she enjoyed it merely as a triumph.

The dinner passed in interesting and animated conversation, of which Frank's anecdotes and descriptions of his continental visit, formed not the least part. Frank was the orphan and only child of a wealthy London merchant, and had been consigned to the guardianship of Mr. Middleton. Notwithstanding his wealth, he did not choose for the present, to relinquish the mercantile profession, for which he had been educated, and his name still stood at the head of one of the first houses in London.

After dinner they repaired to a verandah, festooned with all the flowers of midsummer in front of which, numerous boats, both of business and pleasure, were gliding along on the river. It was a lovely evening, and the moon was just rising on a scene of much beauty.—“I congratulate you, Mr. Middleton,” said Frank, as he sipped the coffee; “on your choice of a villa: Twickenham is the most classical, and one of the most beautiful spots in our environs. Who is your next neighbor?”

“The Earl of Belmont has become so, since our arrival.”

“The Earl of Belmont!—to economise, I suppose,” observed Frank.

“I have heard as much,” said Mr. Middleton; “his ancestral residence, in the South, has been some years disposed of, on a short lease, and now, giving up his house in London, he retires, here, until his affairs can, in some degree, be arranged and retrieved; he has wisely avoided the watering-places, or a residence abroad. I am sorry for him; he is a man of talent and integrity, and has held situations of high trust in the country.”

“Lord Delville is his only son, I believe?”

“His only one; he has two daughters, and they and the countess have been much censured for their extravagance.”

“But all is not lost,” remarked Frank; “the earl has an only, and unmarried brother in the East, who, for many years, has held lucrative situations, and is supposed to have amassed immense wealth; and the brothers are on the best terms.”

“That is true,” replied Mr. Middleton; “the family have great expectations from that quarter, but yet those expectations are both distant and uncertain.”

“I suppose,” said Harriet, “it was Lord Delville, I saw riding along the lane, to-day; how handsome he is!”

“He is very handsome,” replied Frank; “I have met him several times, but our acquaintance has not even reached to a bow.”

“I have heard they are a very proud family,” said Harriet; “so I suppose there is no probability of their ever being acquainted with us.” She looked towards Frank, as she spoke, but a

fit of abstraction appeared to have come over him: and her father replied:

“There is certainly no probability of an acquaintance, unless they themselves make the first advances.”

During the evening, Harriet was proud to show Frank the proficiency she had made in music, and played and sang some of his old favorite airs, with much sweetness and expression.

Before breakfast, on the following morning, she accompanied him around her little domain, and introduced him to her garden and greenhouse plants; in all she did, she seemed to have an anxious wish to please him, and to obtain his approbation: “Ah!” thought Frank, with a sigh of mortification; “I see that with the total want of tact of a presumptuous boy, I have played the tutor and the brother too well ever to become a favored lover!”

The morning meal was not concluded, when a loud rap announced visitors; the doors of the breakfast parlor were thrown open, and, to the surprise of all, the Earl of Belmont and Lord Delville entered.

“Mr. Middleton,” said the courteous nobleman, “I am but too happy, that our new neighborhood presents me an opportunity of forming an acquaintance with a gentleman, whose name stands so high, both in his professional and private life: allow me to introduce my son, Lord Delville.” Mr. Middleton, after having expressed his high sense of the honor conferred upon him, introduced his daughter, and Mr. Heartly: Frank was merely noticed by a slight cool bow from each of the visitors, and feeling himself somewhat *de trop*, retreated with his newspaper to a window, apparently to read, but, in reality, with his whole thoughts fixed on the scene and personages before him. He perceived, at once, to what the unusual condescension of this visit tended; and, as his eyes glanced from time to time over the party, he shuddered, instinctively, at the power he felt they unconsciously possessed over his future fate. The two fathers were engaged in cheerful and well sustained conversation on general subjects, while the younger pair appeared still more pleased with their *tete-a-tete*. Frank was beginning to think that they were paying an unconscionably long *first* visit, when, to his relief, they rose to depart.

“Miss Middleton,” said the earl, “I am specially commissioned by the countess and my daughters, to express their hope of your permitting them to become as good friends, as they are near neighbors.”

Harriet remained standing in complete reverie until her father's return from attending his visitors to the front door: he expressed himself much gratified; but received no reply from either Frank or Harriet. “Come, Frank, we shall be late; the carriage has been waiting this half-hour.”

Frank started up: “Good bye, Harriet—good morning, Miss Middleton.”

“Why Harry,” cried her father, “what's the matter?—are you so smitten with your new acquaintance, that you have not a word to throw at either of us, your old ones?”

Harriet blushed deeply: “Bless me! I beg your pardon!—are you going?—good bye, dear Frank—do you come back again to us to-day?”

Papa, let me wrap your throat up a little better, or you will get it sore again;—good bye—good bye!” and the carriage drove off.

At three o'clock the following afternoon, Mr. Middleton and his daughter paid their visit to the Countess of Belmont. They found a fashionable highly dressed woman, still retaining the traces of great beauty. She received them with the most condescending politeness; their reception by her daughters was marked with more of distance, though equally civil.—Harriet felt, and therefore appeared timid; and it was the display of this amiable defect, that alone engaged the favor of the ladies:—“The girl appeared modest and humble, and therefore might improve.”

The countess did not belong, by birth, to the high aristocracy of the country; she had been a beautiful, stylish girl, without fortune, but well connected. The earl was allured and secured, as many wiser men have been before, and since: her brilliant marriage was the talk and envy of her circle; her presentation at court was the most splendid of the season; her vanity and extravagance were unbounded: she was the queen of fashion! her very glance was courted, and her word was law. It is scarcely to be expected that such a person could bear with patience the two afflictions that now oppressed her—the privation of wealth, and the advance of age.

Lady Katharine, the eldest daughter, was selfish and haughty, but possessed considerably more power of mind than either her mother or sister. Lady Charlotte was pretty, thoughtless, and rather good natured than otherwise.

Within the next few days, all Harriet's friends were informed, by the delighted girl, of the grand acquaintance she had made. The Thompsons would scarcely believe it;—the Smiths shook their heads and prognosticated mischief—and old Mrs. Johnston put on her spectacles, that she might see into the matter more clearly, and, having done so, made the shrewdest guess of all, but wisely kept her discovery, for the present, to herself.

Matters proceeded rapidly at Twickenham. The ladies returned without delay the visit of the Middletons; this step was followed up by an invitation to dinner from the Belmonts, and it was almost immediately settled, that every disengaged evening, Harriet and her father should spend with them; but, in this arrangement, the Countess caused it to be clearly understood, that no visitor of the Middletons was to be included. The Earl's family dined once with their new friends, but it was under the proviso that no one should be invited to meet them.

But Lord Delville found excuses daily, to pay a visit to Miss Middleton; and Miss Middleton began to watch for the accustomed hour, to distinguish his approaching footstep, and while she did so, to feel her cheek flush, and her heart throb. Alas, poor Harriet! Lord Delville was so engaging, so gentle, so respectful, his person, so handsome, his manners so refined, his rank so high! he seemed to her some “bright peculiar star,” descending from his sphere to approach her: and the brightness dazzled her inexperienced eyes so much, that they could look no deeper than the surface.

The visits of Frank Heartly became less and

less frequent: a cloud was gathering over his mind and brow. He loved Harriet with all the manly and devoted tenderness of his nature; he had loved her from early youth, her idea had mixed with all the future schemes of happiness, with all his hopes in life:—her extreme youth had alone prevented him from declaring himself sooner, but her image had been so long, and so closely woven with every fibre of his heart, that to separate it seemed impossible, except with life itself. On his late return from the continent, it was his intention to have made his offer, but he was somewhat checked, by the merely sisterly kindness of her manner, and completely so, by her evident preference of Lord Delville. He complained to no one, for he felt that he had no right to complain; but his sunken eye and palid cheeks showed the severity of his disappointment.

At the end of a very few weeks from the commencement of their acquaintance, Lord Delville, the proud descendant and future representative of an ancient and illustrious family, made an offer of marriage to the daughter of Thomas Middleton, the rich trader.

On his return home one evening, Mr. Middleton found his daughter with traces of tears on a somewhat fevered cheek; her lips quivered with emotion; but her downcast eye beaming with hope and joy. She seated herself upon his knee, and throwing her arm about his neck, hid her face on his shoulder.

"Harriet, my child, you have something to tell me;—you seem agitated." And as he waited for an answer, he smoothed down her clustering and somewhat disordered tresses. Without raising her head, and scarcely knowing in what words she expressed herself, she told him of the offer Lord Delville had just made. The first feeling Mr. Middleton experienced, was one of mistrust; was it for her wealth, and that only, that the proud family of the Belmonts sought the hand of his daughter? But his paternal pride parried the thought, and as he looked upon his lovely and innocent child, he deemed that a prince might stoop from his throne and raise her up to share it, without incurring censure. Beyond his counting-house Mr. Middleton knew but little of the world, and, until deceived, he judged others by his own kindly nature. He thought, too, of Frank; and his strong good sense could not be silenced as it suggested the probability of Harriet's happiness being far more effectually secured by a well-assorted marriage with her equal.—He remained silent as these thoughts rapidly passed over his mind;—he then seated his daughter in a chair beside him, and taking her hand, said—"Harriet, my sole object is your happiness; tell me how you yourself feel with regard to Lord Delville's offer."

"I feel," replied Harriet, timidly, but firmly, "that, should you approve of it, you will make me very—very happy."

"That is enough," said the father, as he folded his daughter affectionately to his bosom; he then continued:—"The marriage has many advantages; Lord Delville himself is an amiable and highly educated young man, and his being a good son and brother, gives the best assurance of his making a good husband; the character of

the earl himself is not only unexceptionable but stands very high, then there is the *rank*—which although I should not have been inclined to make any essential sacrifice to it, I acknowledge to be an advantage, and a very great one—my Harriet a countess! one of the magnates of the land! the progenitress of a race of statesmen and heroes! influencing by the example of her virtues, not only her own circle, but from her exalted sphere, society at large! The prospect is alluring. True, the family is poor, but they have well founded expectations, and we are rich." Mr. Middleton paused—something he would have said of Frank, but, although he felt assured that Frank loved Harriet, he had made no such declaration, and, on that account, Mr. Middleton perceived, just in time, the impropriety of mentioning his name at all under present circumstances. He therefore finished by raising his eyes to the portrait of his departed wife, while he said:—"I think, Harriet, if your mother were still living, she would not disapprove of our decision on this important topic. I have tried to act, in all things regarding you, as though she were constantly present with me; and have always reflected how far she would be likely to approve."

The next morning brought the earl, who was immediately closeted with Mr. Middleton. During the important conference, Harriet slipped from the breakfast room into the verandah, which adjoined it, pacing up and down, regardless, for once, of its beautiful shrubs and pendant wreaths. A quick foot was advancing and springing up the steps—she ran forward, and met *not* Lord Delville, but Frank Heartly: "O it's only you, Frank!" she exclaimed in a disappointed tone.

"It is *only* I—you expected, then, some one else."

"Yes, I—I expected—Lord Delville."

"Is it even so then, Harriet?" he exclaimed in a tone of earnest inquiry.

"It is even so—now Frank don't look so cross—so grave I mean—and I will whisper to you a little bit of news, which I am sure will both surprise and please you; so unrufile your brow and open your ears!" She then playfully advanced, and putting her hand before her mouth, whispered close to his ear; "Frank—I am going to be—married!"

"To Lord Delville?" inquired Frank, with a calmness that astonished even himself; Harriet nodded, while a blush and a smile and a tear, seemed all striving for mastery. Frank covered his face with his hands, and there was a pause. Harriet was surprised, but she almost shrieked when he withdrew them: he was ashy pale, his eyes seemed starting from his head, his lips were white and quivering; he snatched her to his bosom, and exclaimed with a hoarse and interrupted voice, "God bless you, Harriet—may you be happy!" then threw her from him, flew rather than walked along the verandah, and in rushing down the steps nearly overturned Lord Delville, and mounting his horse, rode off at full speed.

"Why, what's the matter with your friend this morning, Miss Middleton?" inquired Lord Delville; "he has just made an escape that

would do credit to a hero of romance!—and you, too, look so pale and so trembling!—something very interesting must surely have occurred—sit down," he continued, supporting rather than leading her to a seat; and, beginning to be alarmed, he hastened into the breakfast room for a glass of water; before his return, a sudden burst of tears had relieved the oppressive emotions of Harriet, and for a few moments she wept in silence; then took the water and struggled to regain her composure.

"You must be very much surprised at this scene, Lord Delville."

"I am not at all surprised, Harriet, if you will now permit me to call you so—that this young man, apparently such a favorite of your father, should make love to you; I am still less surprised," continued he archly, "that having accepted of me, you should refuse him, and that the gentleman should go off in a pet."

"The affair is not exactly as you guess it," replied Harriet, "but let us speak no more of it."

The conversation between the fathers was most satisfactory; no arrangements could be more liberal than those proposed by Mr. Middleton. When the conference broke up they joined the young couple, and the earl affectionately saluted his future daughter-in-law; the whole party then proceeded to his residence, for the remainder of the day, and Harriet was received by the ladies with the greatest apparent kindness.

It was agreed that the marriage should take place with as little delay as possible; that, in consequence of Harriet's youth and inexperience, she should reside with her husband's family, for a time at least; that a house should be taken in town, and splendidly furnished, ready for the ensuing season; that the young couple, immediately after the ceremony, should proceed on a little tour to the South, visit the watering places, &c. where Harriet had never been; and then return to the earl's villa at Twickenham to spend the remainder of the time until the London season opened.

To all these arrangements the happy Harriet assented, and in a fortnight after, she became the bride of Lord Delville; a flaming paragraph appeared in the newspapers, which was read with mixed feelings of astonishment, envy and pride, by all the Thompsons, the Smiths and the Browns.

We pass over the bridal tour, during which the husband was, of course, all tenderness, and the bride all smiles and loveliness. In the first letter she received from her father, he told her without any accompanying observation, that Frank Heartly had returned to the Continent.

The happiness of Harriet was even increased by her return to Twickenham, where she was again restored to the society of her father and her new relatives; she found the best apartments carefully fitted up for her in the earl's villa.

Although the characters of the countess and her daughters were precisely what have been described, the polish of good breeding was so high—the necessity of gaining a complete control over Harriet, and of preserving that they already possessed over Lord Delville, so important—that the unsuspecting simplicity of Harriet's character so perfect, and their acquaintance so short—that

she had as yet discovered nothing in them she could disapprove of, or dislike. She had no sister, no near female relative, and the current of affection that had been so painfully checked by the early death of her mother, was again warmed in her bosom towards the mother and sisters of her husband: a closer intimacy, however, gradually disclosed, even to the unwilling and inexperienced eyes of Harriet, the defects which threatened to blight her peace, and which were more to be dreaded from the art that concealed them. Several little circumstances soon occurred, which reminded Harriet that—to use a couple of trite similes—the flowery path she pressed was not without its thorns, and the bright prospect which lay before her not without its shadows.

Such of the coterie of the countess as were within reach—and they were very few—made it a point to call on Lady Delville; among these was a very fashionable and very lovely young woman, the Hon. Mrs. Clermont, who was for a time, residing with a bachelor uncle whose pet she was, at Richmond; while her old East India husband had gone to Cheltenham to cure his bile, and restore his complexion after a late season of dissipation in London. She had married the old gentleman for his wealth, and expected, in spite of all Cheltenham could do, that she should soon be the most enviable of woman-kind, a young, beautiful widow. On her introduction to this lady, Harriet could not help admiring the extreme beauty, and the exquisite taste of her dress; but there was a something in her countenance and her manner that did not please her, although she scarcely confessed the unfavorable impression to herself. Mrs. Clermont seemed to be a great favorite with the Belmont family, and the ladies were listening with much delight to a humorous and satirical description of some nobodies at Richmond, when a heavy coach was observed coming up the avenue: bonnets with cherry-colored ribbands were popping out of all the windows, and much noisy mirth was audible. As the coach drew up, Mrs. Clermont interrupted her story with an exclamation: "In the name of all that is comical, what have you here, my dear Lady Belmont? It surely must be some cockney party who have lost their way, and taken your ladyship's villa for the Bell of Edmonton?"

"What can they be?" cried Lady Katharine coloring violently, and casting a glance of doubtful inquiry at Harriet: who advancing to the window, beheld, to her consternation, the broad, upturned, shining face of Mrs. Thompson of Brompton, who, with her four girls, was come to pay their old friend and favorite a visit of congratulation.

"O," stammered Harriet, "I—I—know who they are—the Thompsons from Brompton."

"Thompson's from Brompton?" shrieked the ladies in a breath.

"Angels and ministers!" exclaimed Mrs. Clermont, "is there no hope—no way to escape?" and as the cherry-colored detachment from Brompton bounced in at one door, the fair aristocrats glided out at another, leaving the petrified Harriet to receive her company.

Mrs. Thompson was a complete specimen—probably no longer to be paralleled—of a city

dame of the old school; good-humored and good-hearted, illiterate, social, vulgar and purse-proud: her daughters were like a cluster of blooming peonies around her; fat—healthy, loud-talking and loud-laughing girls.

"Well, Harry, my lass!" cried Mrs. Thompson, giving her a hearty smack, "how are you?"

"Where are those ladies going to?" inquired one of the daughters.

"Stole away! stole away!" cried Mrs. Thompson as the last wave of Lady Charlotte's white drapery disappeared.

Harriet was affectionately kissed by her former companions, who then sat down, and taking off their bonnets, began to wipe and fan themselves with their pocket handkerchiefs; "What with heat, and dust, and laughing, we are all in a precious pickle," cried Mrs. Thompson; "Well, Harry, my dear—"

"O mamma! you must not call her Harry any more—she is Lady Delville now."

"Lady Devil!" retorted the mother, "Heaven forgive you child, for making me swear, with your ladies and your ladyships! I tell you she is our own Harry, and, if she had married a bankrupt snuff-dealer instead of a lord, she would have been our own Harry still."

"I am sure of that," said Harriet sweetly, as she pressed Mrs. Thompson's hand.

"And how do these grand folks treat you my love? and are you happy? and where's my young lord, eh?" While Harriet was answering or parrying Mrs. Thompson's broad questions, the girls were wondering at and touching every thing about the room, picking flowers without ceremony, and peeping through keyholes into the adjoining apartments.—Whether it was that she herself had become more fastidious, it is certain that the vulgarity of the Thompsons never appeared to her in so glaring a light before. She was just beginning to have hopes of their departure, when in the midst of a roar of laughter, occasioned by some ludicrous observation of Miss Clementina, Lord Delville appeared—he looked confounded: "Is this young gentlemen my lord?" asked Mrs. Thompson as she rose, and seizing both his hands, and shook them heartily; "I congratulate you, my lord, with all my heart, for having got hold of such a prize as our Harry! She's worth all your fine ladies in a heap."

"Lady Delville and myself are much indebted to you ma'am," replied Lord Delville; and, turning to his wife, "I thought Mrs. Clermont was here?"

"She is with the countess," replied Harriet; and his lordship, having bowed slightly to the now silent and gaping party, left the room by the door through which the ladies had taken their flight.

"Well, I can't say much for the civility of your great folks," said Mrs. Thompson somewhat disturbed; "you must send them to us to learn manners." The distressed Harriet was about offering some apology: "O no, don't say a word about it my dear! it's not your fault: come, girls, let's pack off! good bye, Harriet; come to us as soon as you can without any of your lords or your ladies—you shall have a hearty welcome, and a glass of wine, and slice of cake at the very least."

Harriet wished them good bye, with tears of mortification in her eyes; she saw them to the door, then made her escape to her own room. Soon after she heard Mrs. Clermont's carriage drive off, and Lord Delville entered the apartment.

"What in tears, Harriet?" cried he, "I do not wonder that you feel uncomfortable, but dry your eyes and think no more about it; we must take better care for the future, and contrive some means of ridding you of these plagues."

She was late for dinner, and only entered when the family was seated; her reception was cool, and the conversation constrained; when the ladies retired to the drawing-room, the countess began, with a preliminary hem:

"You must be aware, my dear Lady Delville, that in the station to which you have been elevated, the *convenances* of society are more rigid than among the class you have been accustomed to mix in; and the most essential of these observances is a decided separation, as a companion, from those whose inferior rank and education exclude them from the highest circles of society—hem!" (and she looked at Lady Katharine for her cue;) "The—the persons who visited you to-day, you must feel are not suitable acquaintances Lady Delville; and I am sure that you will not be offended by my issuing a general order of 'not at home' to strangers inquiring only for you. I have not ventured to make this proposal without the consent of Lord Delville, and he authorizes me to say that it has his entire approbation and consent."

Harriet sighed, "I am bound," she said, "to obey and to strive to please my husband; my first duty, I know, is to him—but I dread incurring the displeasure of my father; and the desertion of all my kind old friends cannot fail to wound him."

"My dear love," said the countess, kissing her forehead, "we are all called upon at times to make sacrifices in this life: we will *manage* your father; leave him to us. And now, Charlotte, tell Mrs. Millan to bring us those models of dresses which madame *la modiste* sent us to look at this morning."

Lady Katharine's eyes rested for a moment gloomily on Harriet, as her mother's words caught her ear: "Sacrifices in this life—yes—the heir of Belmont is *sacrificed* by his union with this merchant's daughter." Thus she *thought* but she merely *said*, that it was a pity the scene had not taken place before Mrs. Clermont, who, although an intimate friend, would be sure to retail it to all her acquaintance, and would probably think it quite allowable to season it with a few of her own clever and satirical additions. "Alas!" thought Harriet, "is it to such friends as Mrs. Clermont, that I am forced to resign mine?"

The following day, as the ladies, with Lord Delville, were taking their afternoon stroll round the little domain, a plain yellow chariot was observed approaching; they turned to reconnoitre; Harriet well knew the light brown beaver bonnets and feathers it contained: "They are the Misses Smith of Kensington," she said timidly.

Lord Delville instantly drew her arm, through

his, and walked quickly to the house. The chariot stopped—the servant received his orders.

"Lady Delville is at home, I believe?" said Mrs. Smith.

"Not at home, ma'am."

"You mistake, fellow," said Miss Priscilla; "she entered the house not a minute since."

"Not at home?"

"What does this mean?" exclaimed they.

"Not at home"—reiterated the impenetrable lacquey, making his retreat. The carriage drove off, passing close by the other ladies.—That day the Misses Smith visited the Thompsons, and learned from them the reception *they* had experienced; and, on the following day, they went to the Browns to warn them against subjecting themselves to the like treatment, and they wrote to Mrs. Johnston on the same subject.

Mrs. Johnston was one of those persons of real good sense and good breeding, who are to be found in every station; and before she received Mrs. Smith's note, she had herself written to Lady Delville, congratulating her upon her marriage, and expressing her regret that her increasing age (she was a remarkably healthy and active old lady) would prevent her extending her visits so far as Twickenham; but she was convinced it was unnecessary to say how honored she should consider herself by the acquaintance of Lady Delville—how happy she would feel by again receiving her beloved and highly valued Harriet.

Harriet kissed the note, and showed it to Lord Delville: the result was, that Mrs. Johnston was the only acquaintance out of those we have mentioned, and a few more in the city, that Harriet was permitted to retain, and occasionally she had the happiness of spending a day with her old friend.

[To be Continued.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

MY EARLY HOME.

THE ascent was long and toilsome. I cast my eye around, and scenery—such scenery as is only found in the region towards the setting sun—beautiful and mild, met my enraptured gaze.

I was standing on one of the high hills which overlook the western "prairies." The scene was beyond the extreme limits of United States Proper—in the vast and soundless wild, over which a score of years ago none but the blood-seeking Aborigine roamed.

It was the hour when the hum of day dies into the silence of night; when the dazzling splendor of noon wanes into the mellow and soothing twilight. On my right, a broad plain stretched to the muddy sea waters of the Arkansas, and far, far away to the Rocky mountains. The tall green grass bowed in wavy masses as the breeze flitted over it; here and there stood a solitary elm, which had braved a hundred fierce storms, its branches towering toward the clouds, its trunk bearing the marks which various kinds of birds had inflicted upon it.

The "prairie" was "rolling;" upon it were scattered herds of cattle and horses browsing on the short, sweet grass, or lying under the shelter of some friendly tree; ever and anon, a bounding

deer or "gang" of wild turkeys enlivened the scene, and sailing through its ethereal home you could descry the eagle or the great Prairie Hawk.

It was a scene of loveliness and peace even in that wild clime: Nought served to mar it, save when a prowling wolf, or savage panther was occasionally seen, or the form of some Indian returning from his frolic or "corndance" intoxicated, filling the echoing woods with his Bacchanal song.

The cloud chequered mantle of heaven dropped its folds, mingling its own blue with the carpet green of the plain, while the islands of vapor reflected the receding glory of the sun, catching its departing tints.

At my left and behind, lay a range of hills and a long continuous forest. Its shade, dark at noon-day, grew black. The birds and small animals had ceased their warblings and gambols to seek their rest.

The lone note of the owl or the still more melancholy whippowil, broke from some hollow, startled me, and the howl of the wolf chimed in unison.

My thoughts, driven abruptly from the beauties of the scenery, were of the strife and blood which would be shed to satiate the beasts of the forest that night. But turn. Before, all was calm—the peaceful valley, the murmuring streamlet, the dashing "bayon," the wide field with its "girdled" trees stretching their long and bare limbs *tad siders*, as if imploring the tyrant-man to cease his ruthless designs against their kind. In that vale lay, like a sleeping infant, a village, yes a village, beautiful but small, in the country of the red man. Among its buildings, a large white-washed hall was the most conspicuous, and well can I remember the pride I once took in knowing so grand and fine a house belonged to our village: it was built of hewn blocked logs. The church, which stood apart from the other buildings, with a few venerable oaks before it, was blocked, small and unassuming; a fit place to worship the God of the woods as well as town.

The village was divided into two streets by a range of buildings on each side of an ample "yard," adorned with rows of acacia, peach, plumb and mulberry; a few other houses were scattered about. Here was the home of my youth, a home far removed from the vice and toils of civilized life—a humble but peaceful and dear-loved home. Secluded, hid in the forest and by the "shade trees," yet we did not escape ill. The sound of crime had pierced our recesses vice tainted the eastern breeze at times. The untutored tenant of the wild had learned from the refined European, their vices, sins and heart-scorching iniquities.

My father's house was a large two story building, blocked, as all buildings of the better sort are in the extreme west, an upper and lower piazza faced the north, about the pillars the tendrils of the wild rose-vine clung as in the balmy days of June shed their fragrance abroad—before the piazza was a little mulberry gate, with a fence rather rustic in its look and composition; acacia, peach, plumb, maple, and the broad leaved patalpa trees filled the small enclosure with their fragrance, concealing the house in their dense, dark foliage, (the patalpa is a species of tree found only at the west, the leaf large—the flower

long and white, with a great share of fragrance.) A large garden lay before in which my father loved to work. He was a minister, who presided over the little church, and preached very often in the various districts around. But I have not descended from my station on the hill.

From my position on a high bluff, I could easily trace, as well as hear, the course of the roaring Salison, (the name of our stream,) by the glistening of the white bark of the giant-like sycamore, which lined its either bank, they bore the appearance of gray hairs scattered among locks of the deepest jet. Below the village in the "edge" of the prairie, I could see an Indian, but deserted cabin, situated in a most beautiful site where the prairie had boldly pushed into the forest. Indian taste had not discovered it yet.

On the further side of the stream, rose high hills covered with post oak and other timber, on the top of one of them was a small glade carpeted with the rose, sensitive plant and flowers of a thousand hues. Back, frowned steep precipices, at their bases the Brushy-fork, a stream noted for its game and wild fastnesses, wound its way, skirted by the ever green pines. Opposite frowned like bluffs, greatly adding to the sublimity of the scene; on these cliffs two large rocks were set up facing each other, one on one side of the Salison, and another on the opposite; they were painted red. From various flint-heads for arrows, pieces of marble, metal and mounds I have gathered, the idea some great battle has been fought there in olden time, and these trophies all that are left to tell the tale. The present Indians residing there know nothing of them; but a tribe, called Osages, have a tradition that another tribe once lived there, and were exterminated by the Spaniards who came from Mexico.

Rough, broken and craggy scenery was that near my home, contrasting strongly with level plains and lowlands to my right. In this wild secluded place I passed my early days, there I breathed the joy-inspiring breeze, and then I had a friend B—, who was my school mate, and though an Indian we had some similarity in tastes, he possessed good talents, was very studious and persevering for an Indian, was a good scholar and showed great taste for reading, often have I recounted passage after passage to his attentive ear, he was a great admirer of heroes, ancient and modern, chiefly Napoleon. During the strife between Poland and Russia, he was deeply interested in the fate of the former, coming daily to see the news, and when she was partitioned, he manifested great indignation. His was then the spirit free and untameable as the eagle. I can even now see the eagerness and admiration with which he devoured Cooper's fine novel, the Last of the Mohicans, the stirring scenes were all reacted in his eye, when finished he uttered the Indians expressive "good."

But alas! the tempter came, strong drink and evil counsel lured him from virtue, he left my home and my friendship. Since that I have never seen him. How different are our lots now, he is yet roaming the wild, his knowledge is decreasing, he is becoming more wild than his countrymen who "have never learned" while his friend is in the midst of our enlightened community.

Such was my home, when last I saw it, since, the old hall has been lessened from two stories to one, and with other changes will render it strange should I ever revisit my home.

Readers, this little village was a station for the education and civilization of the savage, a station planted there by benevolence, whose occupants had done much to educate the heathen Indian, light him to "wisdom's ways," and turn his mind from its beloved wildness. CZAR.

BIOGRAPHY.

HENRY LEE.

HENRY LEE, a colonel in the American army was by birth a Virginian, and descended from the most distinguished branch of the Lees of that state. He possessed the lofty genius of his family, united to invincible courage and firmness, and all the noble enthusiasm of the warrior. Gen. Charles Lee, who was beyond question, a competent judge of the military talent, averred—"that Henry Lee came a soldier from his mother's womb." Gen. Greene pronounced him, "*The Eye*" of the southern army, and to his councils, gave the most implicit, constant and unbounded confidence. In the hour of difficulty, was danger to be averted, prompt exertion necessary to prevent revolt, crush insurrection, cut off supplies, harass the enemy, pursue him to destruction, to no one did he so often turn as Lee. "But his ardor, brilliancy, and daring resolution constituted but a part of his military worth. In him the fierce impetuosity of youth, was finely blended, with the higher and more temperate qualities of age. If he had, in his temperament, something of the electrical fire of Achilles, it was ennobled by the polished dignity of Hector, and repressed and moderated, by the wisdom of Nestor.

For vigilance, intelligence, decision of character, skill in arms, a spirit of enterprise, and powers of combination, he had but few equals, youthful as he was in the armies of his country.

As an officer of horse, and a partisan commander, perhaps he had no superior, on earth.

That he was justly entitled to this encomium, appears, as well from the extensive catalogue of his exploits, as from the high confidence, always reposed in him, by the commanding officer under whom he served. This is true, no less in relation to Washington, than Greene. He was an intimate friend and confidant of both. The sentiments of the latter, with regard to him, are forcibly expressed, in the following extract of a letter, dated February 18th, 1782.

"Lieutenant Colonel Lee retires, for a time, for the recovery of his health. I am more indebted to this officer, than to any other, for the advantages gained over the enemy, in the operations of the last campaign; and should be wanting in gratitude, not to acknowledge the importance of his services, a detail of which is his best panegyric."

MISCELLANY.

THE GHOST AND THE COUNTRY CLUB.

In all ages, persons of weak intellects have believed in apparitions; and in all relations of this kind, there is manifestly an endeavor to

make the event as supernatural, wonderful, and as well attested as possible, to prevent the suspicion of trick, and to silence all objections which might be made to their credibility. In compliance with this custom, we will recount a story of a ghost, which seems to possess all the desired requisites.

At a town in the West of England, twenty-four persons were accustomed to assemble once a week, to drink, smoke tobacco and talk politics. Like the academy of Rubens, at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the president's was more elevated than the rest. As one of the members had been in a dying state for some time, his chair, while he was absent remained vacant.

When the club met on the usual night, inquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went to inquire after him, and returned with the melancholy intelligence that he could not survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual. About midnight the door opened, and the form, in white, of the dying or dead man, walked into the room, and took his seat in his accustomed chair. There he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at. The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure all who were present of the reality of the vision. At length he arose and stalked towards the door—which he opened as if living—went out, and shut the door after him.—After a long pause, some one, at last, had the resolution to say, "If only one of us had seen this, he would not have been believed; but it is impossible that so many of us can have been deceived." The company, by degrees, recovered their speech, and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful subject which had engaged their attention. They broke up, and went home.—In the morning, inquiry was made after their sick friend. It was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly about the time of his appearance in the club-room. There could be little doubt before; but *now*, nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been simultaneously seen by so many persons. It is unnecessary to say, that such a story spread over the country, and found credit from infidels: for in this case, all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to plain fact, attested by three-and-twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the *fixed* laws of nature was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be *unfixed*. Years rolled on, and the story was almost forgotten.

One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice he was called to an old woman, whose business it was to attend sick persons. She told him that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience, *but for one thing*, which lay upon her mind.—"Do you not remember Mr.— whose ghost has been so much talked of? I was his nurse. On the night of his death I left his room for something he wanted. I am sure I had been absent long; but, at my return, I found the bed *without my patient*!

He was delirious, and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir; but, after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room, shivering, and his teeth chattering, laid himself down on the bed, and died! considering my negligence as the cause of his death, I kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could have contradicted all the story of the ghost, I dared not do it. I knew, by what had happened, that it was *he himself* who had been in the club-room, (perhaps recollecting it was the night for meeting;) but I hope God and the poor gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented."

A COWARD'S BRAVERY.

At the storming of Morne Fortune, in the West Indies, I knew of an Irish officer of the name of W. who had lately joined his corps. He led the forlorn hope and displayed a cool determination that surprised the oldest soldiers. Bearing the King's colors in one hand, and waving his sword with the other, he was the first to ascend the ladder, and plant our victorious standard in the breach. W. was thanked in public orders by his commanding officer, who congratulated him on his bravery, and informed him that he was recommended for immediate promotion. What was his surprise when the young soldier answered that all he wished to obtain was leave to return home and throw up his commission in favor of a younger brother, who ardently wished to embrace the profession of arms.—The Colonel, surprised at so singular a request, was naturally anxious to know to what he could attribute so strange a resolution in a young man with so bright a career before him.

"Is it a wish to see your father?"

"No sir," was the cold reply of W.

"You are perhaps in love, and perhaps fear the danger of absence?"

"No, sir; if absence could produce any alteration in the affection of one that we might love, it would be proof that her attachment was of a very frail nature."

"What then can be your motives? you have just distinguished yourself before the enemy, you are now a lieutenant, and in all likelihood another battle and you may obtain a company."

"That is exactly the reason why I wish to quit the service."

"What, the prospect of rapid promotion?"

The colonel thought him mad.

"No, sir, but the fear of degradation."

"You speak in riddles."

"Then, sir, I must be explicit; it is this very expectation of other conflicts in which you are kind enough to think I may again distinguish myself, that convinces me that the career of arms is not my destiny. Must I confess the painful truth? The sight of the first man that fell near me in the ranks struck me with that sense of danger, that innate feeling of self-preservation, that to my shame I own it, I was on the point of disgracing myself forever when the next man was killed, bespattering me with his brains; for a moment I was nearly struck blind, yet I moved on mechanically with our party. I was aroused from this apathetic state by the loud

cheers of my companions; it seemed to me a dream. I felt inspired with an unknown energy—I knew not where I was when I found myself on the breach, my colors planted in the ruin surrounded by the dead and dying. What may appear to you, sir, still more strange, I scarcely knew myself, I gazed on my uniform, wondered at my transformation from the peaceable garb I wore in my father's office, (he was an attorney) to the trappings of a soldier. In short, all appeared to me a vision. The kind congratulations of my comrades soon restored me to my senses, which soon convinced me that the closet was more natural to me than the field."

This candid confession of what might be called natural feeling, did not defer his commanding officer from urging him to persevere in the profession; his resolution was unalterable. He returned to Ireland; his brother succeeded him in the regiment.

BEGGING.

THERE is a practice among newspapers which we reprobate. We like independence, whether it be in individuals or newspapers—in man or woman. Many people think there is no such thing as independence, excepting as it is the sequence or effect of worldly wealth. We think otherwise. We believe that independence is a quality of the mind, and cannot be separated from it by circumstances. These may modify it, perhaps, but can neither obliterate it, nor essentially change its nature, where it is an inborn possession. The practice of which we speak is any thing, rather than an independent one. Every body who is much in the habit of reading newspapers, has often observed it, no doubt, and as often condemned it. It is the custom of calling upon "PATRONS," as they are curiously enough called, to pay their subscription-bills.

The manner in which the appeal is made is generally in worse taste than the appeal itself. In a slavish and crouching spirit, the "PATRON" is informed that the expenses of the establishment which he "patronizes" are very heavy; that every thing purchased by the concern is a cash article; that its collectors have made the tour of the State without collecting five per cent, on the dollar; that the times are hard, and money is scarce; that the sums due from each "PATRON" are small in themselves, but big enough to make a large aggregate when concentrated in the printer's hand; and that the establishment must inevitably go to pieces, unless more punctuality is observed in making payments to it. That is the kind of stuff which we find addressed to "patrons" of newspapers all over the country. It seems to us to be an unaccountable perversion of language, to call those people "patrons" who require so much coaxing to be made to pay; while the mode of doing the coaxing is one that we would disdain to intimate. It looks too much like getting down on your knees, and begging your kind "patron" who never pays, to snatch you from starvation. It reminds us of a wayfaring beggar who is ever and anon poking his hat under your nose, and beseeching you to read his petition. If a paper cannot live without such cringing appeals, let it die. Ours shall die before it shall be suffered to beg its way along. Whoever likes our

paper, may buy it and read it, if he chooses to do so; if he doesn't choose, he may let it alone. We shall not consider him a "patron" for doing the first, nor blame him for doing the last. We thank every man for his custom, but nothing more. If he would be thought a "patron," he must give his custom to some other concern. Them's our sentiments.—*New Orleans Sun.*

THE RETURN HOME.

WHEN years on years have rolled over us in distant lands, let our feet press again the well-known haunts of early years, and O, how changed will all appear! The rugged hill seems but a small hillock, to our traveled and practised eyes. The deep, deep hollow, or gulf, seems a very small valley. The capacious school-house can this small cabin be the house? And the large meeting-house, where the young eye was strained to find its limits, is this shrunken building that venerable place?

And these are not the bitterest changes. The grey-haired and the middle-aged, they have departed; the generation in which they lived and died, has almost ceased to remember them; and the monuments erected to their memories are leaning over their graves, and gathering greenness and decay on the inscriptions. We pass our friends in the streets, without recognising by them, or being recognised by them in return. And when a recognition takes place, we gaze on each other in wondering strangeness, endeavoring in the rigid features, furrowed brow, in the dimmed eye, or the passion-altered countenance, to trace out a feeble resemblance to the image we have so long carried in our hearts. We speak, and mutually start at the changed sound of each other's voice, and the altered play and expression of each other's features. We converse of those we have mutually known and loved. One has become wealthy and selfish, another poor and misanthropic; one has grown bloated in vice and corruption, and gone down to his grave of degradation and shame; and another, as changed as he, still lives in successful but miserable villainy and crime; one is the tenant of a prison, another of a mad-house, and a third subsists on the bounty of his friends. Some have wandered to the ends of the earth, and been heard of no more; and others are still living in body, but dead, worse than dead, in all that constitutes them men; besotted with drink, their minds debased and enfeebled, and their mouths filled with cursing and bitterness! How few, how very few, still survive, as we knew them in early youth!

HOW TO SAVE SHOES.

In these days of reform and retrenchment, it is not uncommon or strange that people should be-think themselves of lessening expenses in a domestic way and discuss the modes as ardently as our congressmen. Not long since, these were the topics of discussion by some half dozen rubicund visaged politicians, assembled at a country bar-room. Each one told his story of *saving* spun out to an inordinate length, and many were the wonderments of the assembly, that they met with such good success in their experiment. At length it came to the turn of a quizzical, funny

old genius, who had hitherto remained silent, to tell his tale. "Two years since," said he, "I bought me a new pair of *cowhide* shoes; put them on, gave them a thorough *greasing*, placed them away, and let them remain six months. I then put them on again, and have not purchased a pair of shoes since, and they are now nearly as good as new." "Wondrous!" said one of the group; "how did you make them last so long?" "Why I wore *boots*."

GRATITUDE.

A PHILADELPHIA merchant many years ago, whose wealth and importance was only equaled by the goodness of his heart and the purity of his principles, rescued a mechanic from the clutches of poverty, and what was worse in those days the hands of the Sheriff. The son of the mechanic was young, but old enough to know his father's benefactor. Many years after this, the merchant fell into difficulties, and at a most trying moment when all his former friends had forsaken him, the mechanic's son stepped forward to his relief.

"I am much indebted to you," said the other, "I have only paid the debt which my father contracted at the corner of Chesnut street, 30 years ago, when I was just old enough to understand the cause of poor mother's tears." The merchant grasped his hand, but his feelings were too big for utterance.

JEFFRIES.—Judge Jeffries, of notorious memory, pointing to a man with his cane, who was about to be tried, said, "There is a great rogue at the end of my cane." The man to whom he pointed, looking at him, said, "Which end my lord?"

DEATH.—There is nothing more certain than death, nothing more uncertain than time for dying. We should, therefore, be prepared for that at all times, which may come at any time, and must come at one time or another. We shall not hasten our death by being always ready, but sweeten it. It makes us not die the sooner but the better.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. E. Warsaw, N. Y. \$1.00; M. B. Johnsonburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. Y. Union Springs, N. Y. \$1.00; L. E. H. Hartford, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. Hanover, N. H. \$1.00; J. E. H. White Plains, Ga. \$5.00; R. W. Hamilton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. L. S. New-York, \$1.00; G. H. P. New-York, \$2.00; J. B. R. Greenwich, N. Y. \$1.00; L. C. S. Attica, N. Y. \$1.00; E. J. M. Sumpterville, S. C. \$1.00; S. H. F. East Rupert, Vt. \$1.00; F. M. J. Victor, N. Y. \$1.00; E. M. Hoffman's Ferry, N. Y. \$1.00.

Married.

In this city, on Sunday the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Pardee, Mr. William H. Jessup to Miss Emma, daughter of David Rogers, Esq. all of this city.

At Gallatin, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Vedder, Mr. John M. Best, of Milan, Dutchess Co. to Miss Harriet, daughter of Job Tanner, Esq. of the former place.

At Valatie, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. R. Dederick, Mr. Isaac Secor to Miss Jane Tator, all of that place.

At Schoharie, by the Rev. E. P. Stimpson, Mr. Simon Whitbeck to Miss Sarah M. King.

At Coxsackie, on the 30th ult. Mr. Samuel T. Fosdick, of Hudson, to Miss Elizabeth A. daughter of Peter C. Conine, of the former place.

Died.

In this city, on the 7th inst. Sarah, daughter of Mr. John Slocum, aged 16 years.

In Copake, on the 24th ult. Elizabeth, daughter of Isaac and Jane Griffin, aged 3 years and 6 months.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

TO T. H.—

This earth is not thy home! a better land
Awaits thee still, and an adoring band
Shall shout thy welcome, on the blissful shore,
Where happy spirits meet to part no more.

This earth is not thy home! Oh, meekly then pre-
pare

Thy part immortal, for the dwelling fair;
So then at last thou shalt with angels raise
Thy song all joyous to the Saviour's praise.

This earth is not thy home! and shall its joy
Allure thy soul, from the heavenward way?
Oh! cast its charm aside; ere it shall chain
Thy heart to earth, aye! not to rise again!

This earth is not thy home! Oh, blissful light,
To cheer thy soul, amid the darkest night
Of sunless wo! to bid thee live,
And thy best love to God, thy Father, give.

Spencertown, Feb. 24, 1840. CASSIOPEA.

For the Rural Repository.

TO MISS A. E. C. OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY JOHN C. LOWRY.

SWEET, sweet where the dreams of my youth,
Its sunlight, its scenes, and its flowers;
Yet sweeter to me is by far
The friendship that hallowed those hours.

The charms that enlightened life's spring,
Calm childhood's wild innocent mirth;
Like the rose colored tints of its skies,
Have withered, alas! from the earth.

The heart that was light as its airs,
When feeling's pure tide circled warm;
Has felt the chill touch of time's cares,
And shrunk 'neath adversity's storm.

Like buds 'neath the weight of night's dew,
The hopes of those halcyon years,
Though fled like the pale flower's hue,
Are cherished with memory's tears.

The moon, the stars and the skies
Of infancy, yet are the same;
But the genius that hung round them then,
Has left but a passionless name.

I gaze on them now but as lights,
That sicken the gloom of my breast,
Like the taper that wanes o'er the urn,
Where spiritless ashes may rest.

There are times when they mirror the past,
On the bosom of memory's stream;
But the shadows seem swift in their flight,
As the visions that sweetened youth's dream.

Wild music oft steals on my sleep,
With the soul and the pathos of years;
But it fades when the fantasy's part,
And leads me to night and to tears,

The spirit and light of the past,
I feel, have departed forever;
Yet hearts that were dear in those hours,
No blow of misfortune will sever.

Like ivy that mantles the tree,
The fires of Heaven have shivered;
The ties of affection shall bind
The souls that affliction has withered.

Though sorrow may darken my sky,
Nor the moonlight of memory be seen;
Yet the star of thy friendship shall rise,
And shed o'er its aspect a sheen.

I care not how dreary may be
My wanderings o'er life's desert waste;
If the Oasis flower of youth,
But welcome my soul to its rest.

TO MY ANGEL SISTER.

DEAR one! thy home is far away,
In heaven the place of rest;
Soon finished, was thy earthly stay;
Thine was a high behest.

In mercy did thy father call
Thy spirit bright and pure—
Ere sin, and care, and sorrow's thrall
Had made thee to endure.

Yes—'twas a God of love that claimed
Thy young soul for the sky,
When thy bright cheek had never shamed,
And tearless was thine eye.

But oh! I gaze on yonder hill
Where lies thy little form,
And shrink, forgetful thou canst feel
No more, the pelting storm.

I know, sweet child, thou art not there,
Thou dwell'st not in the tomb—
But yet, thy fragile form so fair
Is mouldering 'mid its gloom.

To me that little frame was dear,
Though 'twas but of the earth—
It served to clothe thy spirit here,
That spark of so much worth.

That spark—the soul—'twas that alone
Which gave thy form its grace;
'Twas that which purely, brightly shone
Throughout thy lovely face.

Anon it pined for freer air,
And for its "Home" did mourn,
It left the body bright and fair,
And now to heaven has gone.

My Sister! would that you might'st be
A ministering angel sent,
To keep my spirit pure and free
While in the clay 'tis pent.

Within the palace of our God,
Thou stand'st with wondering eye,
While I bend 'neath the chastening rod,
And mourn, and weep, and sigh!

Dear one! I will restrain my tears,
For thee they shall not flow,
When thou are safe from earth-born fears,
From sin and every woe.

SUNSHINE AND STORM.

Look upon those clouds that lie
Pillowed on the far-off sky,
So resplendant and serene,
That they hardly dim its sheen;
Look upon the sparkling deep,
Where the golden sunbeams sleep,
And across the waters bright,
Braid their quivering forms of light.

Yet the spirit of the storm,
Masks his elemental form,
Under all this silent rest,
Which is over Nature's breast:
And a day may hardly pass
Ere a dark and heavy mass
Will beneath the sunshine spread,
Like a canopy of lead:

And the shrieking gale will fly,
Trailing vapors through the sky:
And the waves will crowd and roar,
On the rock-engirdled shore;
And the rustling forest swing
To the tempest's mighty wing;
And the ocean and the land,
Feel the fury of his hand.

Is not this alternate strife
Like the changes of our life?
And may not the storm arise
In the quiet of our skies?
And the clouds of darkness roll
O'er the radiance of the soul?
And the gladness of the heart,
Like a flash of light, depart?

Far above the shifting clouds,
Nought the perfect lustre shrouds,
And the sheeting sunlight there,
Fills the blue untroubled air;
So, when we may once be clear
Of the mist around us here—
Shadows from the realms of night,
Will not cross our path of light.

From the Boston Weekly Magazine.

WHAT IS HOPE?

Know'st thou a star of brighter ray
Than all that gem the brow of night,
That kindly lights the pilgrim's way,
In clouds or darkness ever bright?
That star is Hope.

Know'st thou a flower, the garden's pride,
When all in fragrant beauty bloom,
When all have withered by its side,
Still lifts its head and yields perfume?
That flower is Hope.

The only star that never sets,
Though all its sister fires may fly,
The only flower that never droops,
Though all its fair companions die,
Is fadeless Hope. ANNA.

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